Gilley and Quartzsite, AZ

A small, petite woman, with a big smile and soft-spoken manner found her way into the pristine Black Hills of South Dakota. Dorothy Scarem Murphy or 'Gilley' was looking to get away from the chaos of civilization. She grew up on a dairy farm owned by her parents, Roy and Olive Scarem in Washington, Pennsylvania – southwest of Pittsburg. In 1933, Dorothy was 8 and her sister Elaine was 10 when little brother Roy popped into the world. That remains the lion's share of what Bob knew about Gilley.

Gilley found her way to the Pactola District of the U.S. Forest Service, not far from Rapid City. She was obviously searching beyond this spiritual plane for comfort and meaning, to whatever had happened during her life. Gilley seemed smitten by the tall, lanky archeologist of Native American origins. I asked Bob how he and Gilley met –

"She used to come and do volunteer work for the Forest Service. She apparently asked them what I did, and uh, she never used to see me in the office. Well, I'd go to work early, cuz I was on max time; meaning as long as I put in 40 hours a week, they didn't care how I did it. Generally, I put in 10 – 12 hours a day until I reach my 40 hours. After that was my time, to do whatever I want – I was off duty."

In June of 1991, Bob traveled to Trinidad to attend the funeral and burial of his father Frank. Finally free of that contentious legacy, Bob returned to the Black Hills, hoping to find a new peaceful chapter to his life. Gilley offered her condolences, and Bob was ready to make her an offer she would not refuse. They got married on October 29, 1991: Bob was 60 and Gilley was 66.

However, Bob did not fully comprehend what he was in for.

"Before we married she was the sweetest woman that could ever be. Intelligent, awesome, she played…I honestly believe; after a pretty short while; that she had this weird dual personality. But there were times where she'd go into this weird trance; like the day she gave me all the bad news

"I only had sex with her the night after we were married. Two days later she laid the rules down – 'I don't like the sex, I don't like the slobber (kissing), I don't like holding hands, and I don't like nothing! Just leave my past alone, I will not talk about it with you. You're gonna have your own bedroom and I'm gonna have mine."

"The hell of it is, this all came out after we was married. She flat out said, this is the way I am, take it or leave it. You signed the papers as well as I did. I'm happy but leave me alone. Still, she was a very jealous woman and very possessive in her own way. I had to abide by her rules. It was a marriage of convenience – her convenience.

"Gilley never knew my dad, or she'd of killed em, you didn't mess with that gal! She stayed 30 days in jail once. She was on this hippy trip, she was a peace activist. She had no use for military people, and of course she didn't find out, until after we were married, that I had been in the military. So 2 days after I married her, that's when she laid her law down. I asked her what the hell she went to jail for. She said it was because we went to war to kill people for the hell of it. I said, 'no, what would you prefer, to have Communist come here and enslave you and do everything bad?' She said, 'I don't care, but why fight over it?' That was her attitude."

The winters in North Dakota had been taking a toll on Bob's fragile lungs. He had a tentative agreement with the Pactola District office to spend the winter months in Quartzsite, AZ. The old Tyson homestead: from the early days in the town's history, was sold to Bob and Gilley in 1992. It consisted of approximately 2 acres. The adjoining lot consisted of trailer slots for 'snowbirds'. It was located along the main thoroughfare of Quartzsite. The seasonal influx of rockhounds became a secondary form of income for Bob and Gilley.

Their house was ground level and made of sturdy adobe and cement block, with a wraparound porch to help offset the summer blaze.

"From the day I got married I was being shoved out of the house. It happened in Rapid City and in Quartzsite. I lost the first batch of my (lapidary) equipment because it got all screwed up being out in the weather. I had no place to set it up. We had that wraparound porch, so I set up my shop at the backside. There were some nice benches and stuff, but she NEEDED that space. She got it."

A few days before Bob and Gilley married in Rapid City, they drove back to her home in Baltimore, MD. Gilley had an antique shop at some point, and they hauled quite a bit of her furniture, pictures and antiques back to South Dakota with them.

"God you outta seen what she used to buy, cause she had 3 walk-in closets, in that 3-bedroom house. I used to buy her very expensive clothes. She'd pick them out and I'd pay for them. I didn't want to fight with her. I hate arguments! I could never give her enough compliments on whatever she did. There was really no way I could please her. In public she was awesome, but when we're home she lived in her room, I lived in mine.

"Even the dogs had nothing to do with her. All I had was this tiny space. I was just a ghost in that house."

To offset the lack of human companionship, Bob had dogs to love. His very favorite was a sweet little cocker spaniel named Pebbles. She had long silky golden fur and became Bob's constant friend and confidant.

"There's my true love. I know she loves me for what I am – ME, MYSELF and I. But don't get her ticked off! Holy mackerel! She'd run you up the highest pole you could find. Pebbles!"

Two lean, long legged, goofball pups named Shadow and Midnight, completed his pack. Their energy and ceaseless adoration of Bob made all the difference in his loveless, pain riddled life.

"Pebbles would start washing my feet, my legs…and Shadow (would) wash my hands…with that big tongue he has. Washing my face, stickin his tongue in my ears. What the hell I need a bath for…they were givin me one! And that beautiful dog – Shadow, would (clean my rotten toenails) he'd actually follow me (if I got out of bed), get in front of me and make me stop…he was going to finish the job."

Bob had lost so much in the past, since the law never seemed to be on his side. He was afraid of losing half of what he owned had he applied for a divorce. So, he endured the loveless situation as best he could. They still had a good life together. Traveling across the West to visit and work his numerous mining claims. Searching and digging for minerals or fossils. Cooking out under the stars, in the comfort of their 24' Springdale travel trailer.

"That was the best trailer I ever owned, and it got burned down. Beautiful inside. Still, I slept on the couch. That was my life with Gilley; 22 years of couch."

The lower elevation and hot dry air helped Bob's health considerably. Bob recalled what attracted him to the area years earlier.

"…we (Nellie and I) were taking Cathy, when she was 2 weeks old (to Trinidad) because Nellie wanted…my mom and dad (to see her) …hoping they would accept (us)."

Bob stopped alongside the highway, about 8 miles east of the town of Quartzsite.

"(Nellie) went out to go pee, ok, and guess what she came back with…she thought it was fool's gold – (but) it was a gold nugget! She almost peed on a nugget!"

"On the way back (from Trinidad) we stopped there. WOW! Everywhere gold…the flash of gold all over the place. We built a house there…I already (put a) claim (there)." (?)

Another nearby claim Bob had at the time was at Crystal Hills, which was much closer to Quartzsite. I asked what sort of stones he was pulling from that claim.

"Quartz…phantom crystals, chisel crystals, octagonal crystals – the standard forms. (Also) very unusual…almost paper-thin crystals…. beautiful."

But the claims evaporated, along with his other rights to mines in Arizona, when the dynamite fiasco with Mike happened.

Once Bob lost his position with the US Forest Service, he and Gilley settled in full-time at Quartzsite. With the winter rush of 'snowbirds', the town's population grew from an average of 2,000 to a temporary spike of 250,000. The location of their home was front and center to the thousands of seasonal rockhounds, plus hordes of gem and mineral distributors. Bob was able to sell the arrowheads he made during demonstrations - something he could not do as a government employee.

Bob wears 'ghost shirt'; a gift from the grandson of Red Cloud as he demonstrates outside his Quartzsite home.

The surrounding desert enabled Bob and Gilley to get away from town and enjoy the sultry warm, star-riddled nights. However, one of their many overnight camping trips turned into a squabble over food.

"I got me a rabbit…Indian way, (and I'm making) a pot of stew. Bunny in a pot. I pickled (marinated) him and (Gilley) got madder in hell, (because) I took ½ of her (fancy) booze she used to buy…it was an Irish whiskey…$28 a small bottle…100 proof. Oh yeah, she never drank anything (that) was under $20 (a bottle); she wouldn't even look at it."

"I completely salted my rabbit and then I'd punch little holes all over the body, and then I'd start pouring (that whiskey over it). I threw it in the pot…and cooked it a full 8 hours. It was sooo good!"

Bob left the remaining stew out to cool. Later that night, Bob heard noises.

"I (used) my big, powerful flashlight, (and saw a mama fox and two babies) finish the rest of the pot (of stew). I just watched them eat up a storm!"

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Ever since Bob had learned of his questionable parentage, he began to research his family history online. Several times he began to write his "Legacy". He compiled a collection of personal stories, the meaning of the Vallejo family crest, native world views and (unsubstantiated) ties to Vallejo ancestral family trees on Ancestry.com.

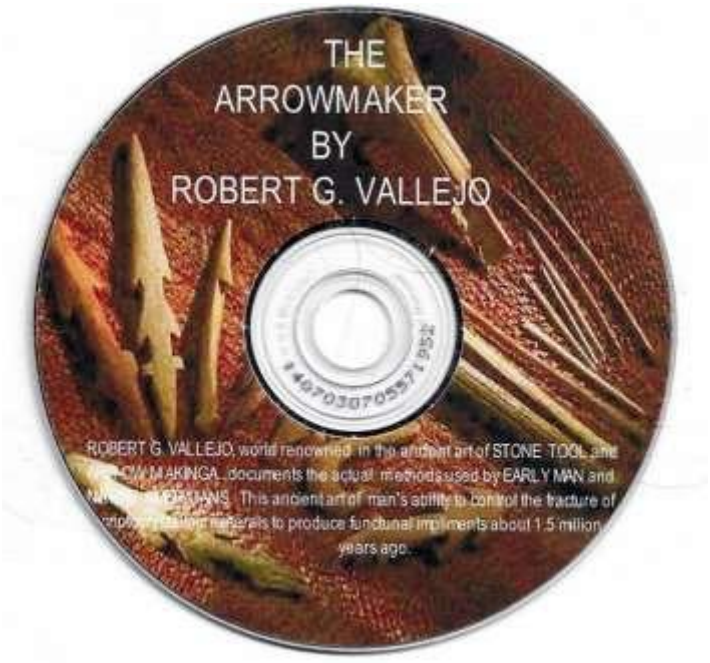
He was proud of his efforts…but apparently the only one. Copies he sent to his children were often returned or destroyed.

"You have no idea how many times I've had to retype these (pages) all over again. Its plain stupidity when they don't…they don't want to know the truth. They'd rather slam dunk me and make them (selves) feel better, is all it boils down to."

"…I can't talk to them, because they get negative on me. You know what happens…one of them gets negative…you wind up in a squabble. I'm not going to take that risk, cause my heart skips beats every now and then. Why am I gonna kill myself that way…just to try and prove a point. If they don't wanna believe it, I can't make um."

Angry and frustrated by his children's indifference, Bob set to documenting his own personal legacy as an arrow maker. In March 1995 Bob decided to create a lasting record of his arrow making skills. Team West Productions was hired to create a professional video suitable for broadcasting. Not far beyond the edge of Quartzsite was a new mobile home subdivision called "Rainbow Acres". In the adjacent desert scrub, the production crew was allowed to erect a temporary lean-to as a backdrop to shoot, "The ARROWMAKER" video.

Bob stayed in native character (except for sunglasses) as he went through his flint knapping demonstration. He even hired another man and woman to provide background context. After several days of shooting the production team had enough footage to create a presentable product. Just as Bob headed back to his trailer, he fell backwards when he tangled in Pebbles leash chain. The fall left him unconscious, prompting the film crew to call an ambulance. When Bob finally woke, he was in the Veteran's Hospital in Riverside, CA. His 'bionic' leg was messed up and needed considerable repair. But 'The ARROWMAKER' was in the can!


THE
ARROWMAKER
BY
ROBERT G. VALLEJO
ROBERT G. VALLEJO world renowned in the ancient art of STONE TOOL and
ARROW MAKINGA...documents the actual methods used by EARLY MAN and
NATIVE AMERICANS. This ancient art of man's ability to control the fracture of
years ago.

Viewing time is 1 hour.

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With Grandpa Frank gone, Bob's children were left basically homeless once more. Mike was incarcerated in part, due to the theft of government property in South Dakota. Sam and sister Cindy (not her true name) went to Quartzsite to be near the father they despised. Cindy worked as a waitress at the large truck stop and became friends with some local motorcycle enthusiasts (aka bikers). Sam began to work as an electrician and was earning pretty good wages…until.

"I'd went to his jobsite to see what he's doing, and there he was, on the god dang roof workin…and drinkin beer. The boss came out, (saw Sam) and told him to get the hell outta here…his insurance wasn't gonna cover him. That was about the 3rd time the boss caught him drunk."

"Sam didn't have any money even then and begged to live with us. So, I bought an older trailer, parked it up near the porch of the (Quartzsite) house for him."

Sam had a new wife and daughter at this time and was at a loss in how to cope with domestic responsibilities. After losing the electrician's job, Sam fell back to the comfort of alcohol.

"Sam didn't give a shit what (they) did to that trailer. He didn't want to go to work, he's stay drunk all the time."

Friction erupted between Bob and Sam's wife over living arrangements. The conflict prompted Bob to declare an ultimatum to Sam.

"…you can stay another 2 weeks, in that trailer, then you're gonna get the hell outta town. I don't want you here cause you've done nothing but cause me grief. You're always bitchin about your grandpa – what he let you do. You ain't gonna do that around here. You're either gonna behave and be a man or get the hell outta here!"

Sam did eventually leave…. after helping himself to his dad's two 5-gallon water jugs full of quarters and mixed coins…

"Turned out just like his grandpa…the last of my sons."

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By the year 2000, Bob and Gilley wanted a quieter place to spend the rest of their lives.

"We had to move from (Quartzsite)…my daughter (Cindy), who was workin at the truck stop as a waitress, went around and told everyone I was a child molester…she went around (with) one of them motorcycle freaks. Every morning he'd go down the road hollering. 'There's where that (bleep) lives; he used words worse than child molester; pointing at the house where I lived…I loved that house."

"Always running away from the kids…because 'I killed their mother'."